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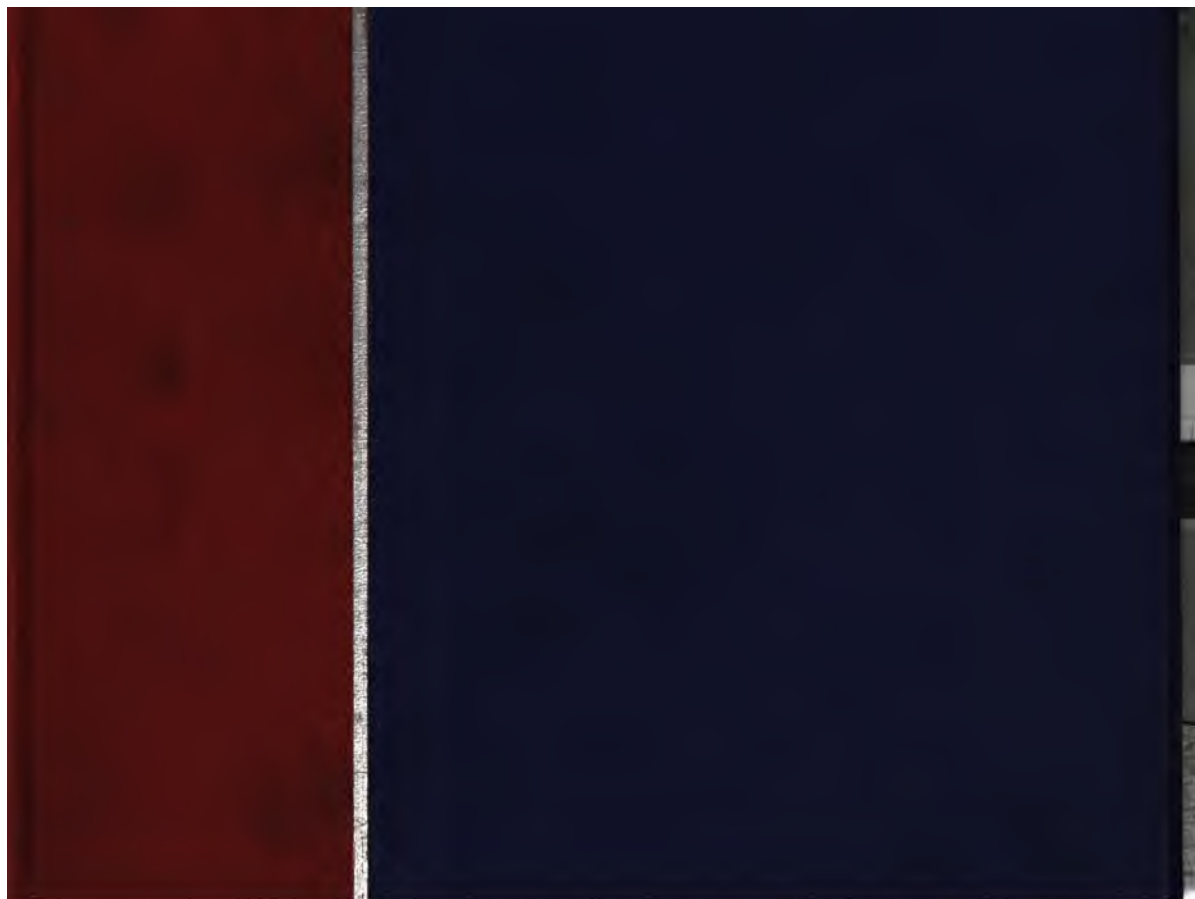
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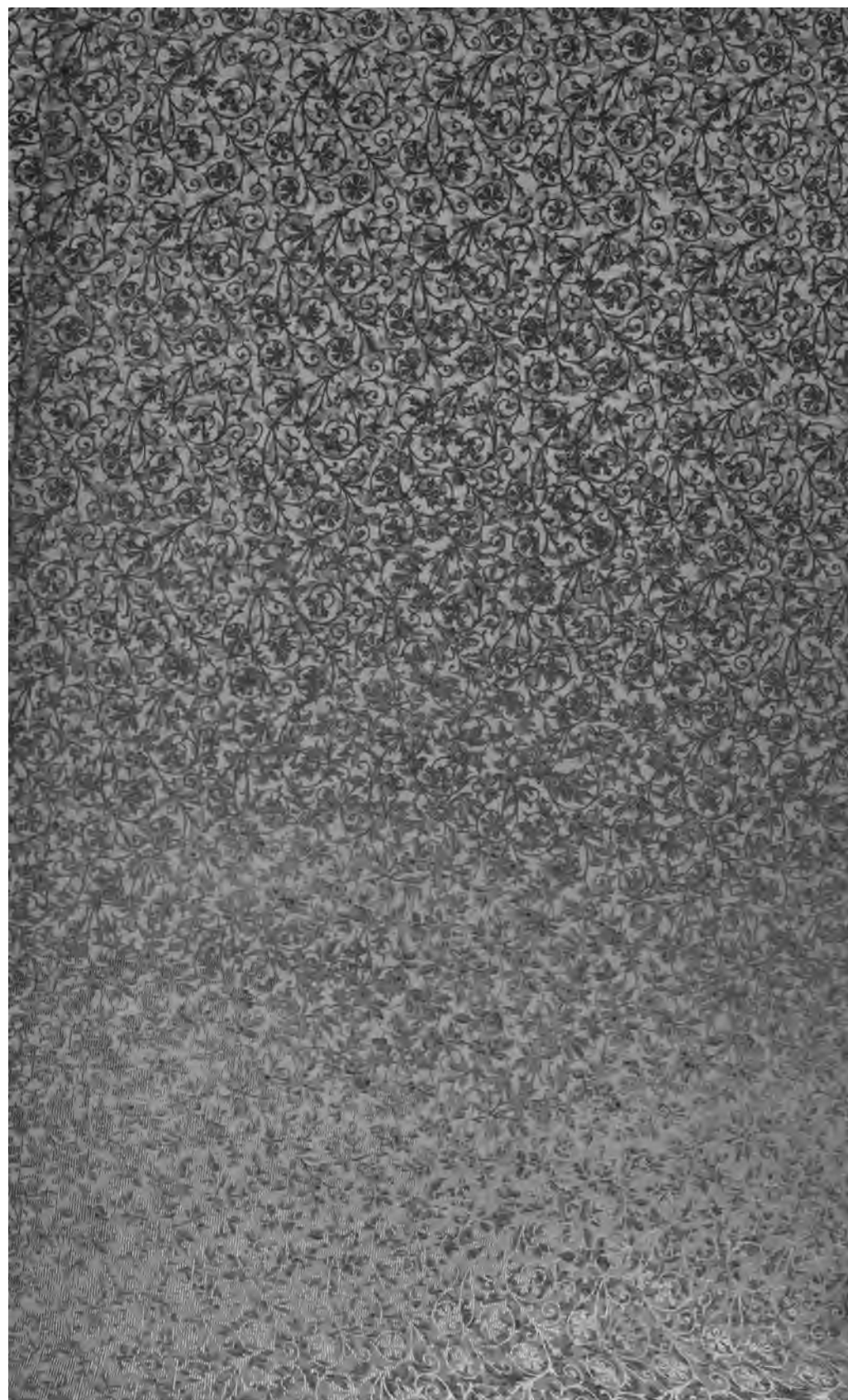


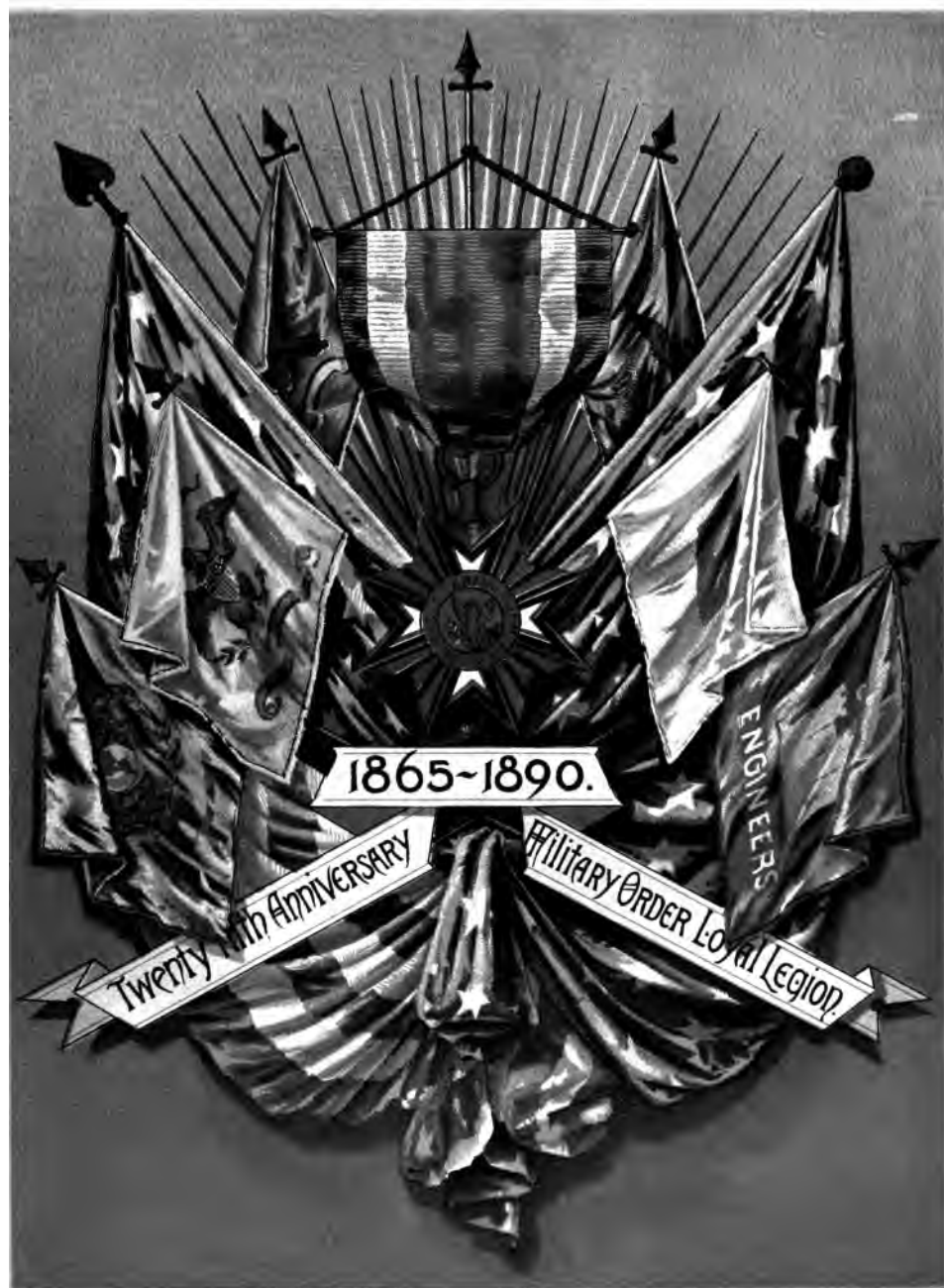
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FROM





MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES

CEREMONIES

AT THE

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC

PHILADELPHIA

April 15, 1890

PHILADELPHIA

1890.

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v

Mr. J. L. Howell,
Pittsburg, Mo.

PROGRAMME

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, APRIL 15, 1890

CONCERT FROM 7.30 TO 8 P. M.

BAND OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS.

OVERTURE	.	.	.	"William Tell"	<i>Rossini</i>
VALSE	.	.	.	"La Reine de la Mer"	<i>Sousa</i>
FANTASIA	.	.	.	"Tannhauser"	<i>Wagner</i>

LOYAL LEGION MARCH *Sousa*

PRESIDING

Commander Brevet Major-General DAVID McM. GREGG

ADDRESS

Commander-in-Chief Brevet Major-General RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

CORNET SOLO . "Young America" (Mr. W. F. Smith) . *Levy*

ORATION

Brevet Major-General CHARLES DEVENS

DESCRIPTIVE FANTASIA An Episode in a Soldier's Life
Band of the United States Marine Corps.

READINGS

Companion JAMES E. MURDOCH

The American Flag *Drake*

Comrades Known in Marches many *Halpine*

In Memoriam. Abraham Lincoln.

Died April 15, 1865.

Gettysburg Address *Lincoln*

O Captain! My Captain! *Whitman*

Our Martyr Chief (from the Commemoration Ode) . *Lowell*

ADDRESSES

Hon. BENJAMIN F. TRACY, Major-Gen. H. W. SLOCUM,
Major-Gen. JOHN M. SCHOFIELD, Major-Gen. NELSON A. MILES,
Major-Gen. O. O. HOWARD, Brevet Major-Gen. WAGER SWAYNE,
Brevet Brig.-Gen. JAMES A. BEAVER, Brevet Brig.-Gen. W. R. MARSHALL,
Brevet Brig.-Gen. HORACE PORTER, Brevet Brig.-Gen. C. F. MANDERSON.

MUSICAL PANORAMA From the Lakes to the Gulf Stream
Band of the United States Marine Corps.



Acting Chief of the Second Bureau of the United States

The Comptroller of the State of Pennsylvania

requests your presence at the Commencement
at the University of Harrisburg, Philadelphia,

Tuesday evening, April 13th 1890, on the occasion of the

Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the State.

Brevet Major-General D. McM. GREGG, presiding.

My Companions of the Loyal Legion and Fellow Citizens: When the War of the Rebellion had ended in the triumph of the Union Arms, and the heart of the entire loyal people of the United States was overwhelmed with profound grief because of the assassination of the great and good Lincoln, three ex-officers of the Union Army (one of whom is present in the audience*) met in this city and resolved to establish a society in imitation of the Cincinnati: its membership to consist of officers and honorably discharged officers of the United States Army, Navy, and Marine Corps, and their male descendants; its object being the preservation and cultivation of friendships formed during the war and the promotion of a loyal devotion to a system of government which these original members had fought to sustain in the great conflict just ended. At first, and for some time thereafter, the membership did not increase rapidly—this because of the new order of things. Discharged soldiers and sailors, returning to their homes, found new conditions existing. Declining to accept these, and led by a spirit of adventure and self-reliance, which had grown up within them during the term of their military service, they were led, in many instances, to seek homes in distant places, many of them in the great empire west of the Mississippi. It took some time for this spirit of restlessness to give place to one of fixity. This accomplished, these soldiers and sailors yearned for the society and companionship of the men they best loved. These were to be found in the Military Order of the Loyal Legion and in the Grand Army of the Republic.

* Capt. Peter D. Keyser.

To-day, the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of its founding, the Order of the Loyal Legion has eighteen State Commanderies and a membership exceeding seven thousand. And what a membership! It represents the highest intelligence and best citizenship of this country, gentlemen among whom are many distinguished and prominent in the learned professions, in the fields of art, science, and literature, in all branches of trade and commerce; and many others equally deserving, who are pursuing their quiet ways in the humbler walks of life. In whatsoever respect these may differ, in one they are all alike; and that is, that when twenty-nine years ago the very life of this nation was threatened with destruction that could only be averted by the intervention of a long and fierce war, and when the country called upon her sons to rally under her standard, these stood forward and each one said: "Here am I; my life, if necessary, in your defence."

My Companions of the Pennsylvania Commandery, I congratulate you on its condition to-day. It is strong, vigorous, united. Its Companions are bound together by those ties which proceed from common love of country and from that friendship which exists among the survivors of such a war as ours, and which was waged on our part for the highest and noblest purpose for which the sword can be drawn, ties which can never be weakened or broken.

Visiting Companions, whether you come from Maine with its rock-bound coast or from other Commanderies stretching across the Continent, even to the golden shores of the Pacific, we extend our hands to you in cordial greeting, and in our hearts there is glad welcome to all.

Never before has there been an assemblage of Companions such as this, and in all human probability never again will there be such a one. It is right that this celebration should be held in this city, in which the Order had its birth, a city in which there was first erected a national altar of liberty; a city so distinguished for the generous hospitality of its citizens, and which was so distinguished, during the War of the Rebellion, for the kind care

exercised over its own troops in the field, and for the aid and entertainment extended to all soldiers who came within its limits.

(Turning to the distinguished assembly on the platform :)
Sirs, allow me to congratulate you and all other Companions that your lives have been prolonged to this time.

But, in the midst of our congratulations, we pause to give place to a feeling of sorrow that other loved Companions—Grant, Farragut, Hancock, Sheridan, and a host of other noble soldiers and sailors—are not with us, having departed this life. We are proud of the service which they rendered their country; we are happy in the thought that we enjoyed their friendship and companionship; we treasure the memory of their virtues and their valor.

Whilst this is a celebration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the founding of the Pennsylvania Commandery of the Loyal Legion, it is more. It is also the Anniversary of the founding of the Order, the Pennsylvania Commandery being the parent one. Its pleasures and enjoyments are free to all. At its close, the Companions of the Pennsylvania Commandery will be happy in the knowledge that you, Companions of other Commanderies, have enjoyed your visit here as much as they have your presence.

The position of Commander-in-Chief of the Loyal Legion of the United States is a most honorable and dignified one. I know of none which is superior to it. Happily that office has been occupied by gentlemen of such exalted character that they have reflected honor upon the position—first, by General George Cadwalader, of this city; second, by General Winfield Scott Hancock, the Superb; next by Glorious Phil Sheridan; and to-day, by an honored soldier, an ex-President of the United States Major-General Rutherford B. Hayes. The latter I now have the honor to present to you.

General HAYES. The welcome you extend to our brethren from all parts of the Republic is, by them, appreciated for a host of reasons. The city of Philadelphia is famous this broad land over, for the work she did during the times that tried men's souls. Grateful for what you did then, we are grateful for what you do to-day in welcoming the survivors of the great conflict who are here. The number of the survivors is still large; but when we think of the noted men who have gone from among us, we cannot but pause with a feeling of sadness that they are not with us to-night. All of the long list, from Grant to him who is in all our thoughts—whom this anniversary tells us to remember, at the beginning, at the close, and all the way through; the man whom Providence gave us to be, as he was by the Constitution, Commander-in-Chief—Abraham Lincoln—all, all are in our thoughts.

We celebrate to-night the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the organization of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States. The founders of this Order, it perhaps may be fairly said, were the first among his countrymen to dedicate a monument to Abraham Lincoln. Other memorials speedily followed—memorials in prose, in verse, in granite, in marble, in bronze, and in many other forms. The best minds in this country and abroad, the orators, the poets and the artists of all lands, have vied with each other to give expression, adequate expression if possible, to the thoughts of all good men when they meditate on Abraham Lincoln, on his character, on his deeds, and on his words, and when they reflect on the amazing vicissitudes and contrasts presented by his life and his death. From among the great number of such attempts there are some that always come to our minds when we think or speak on this subject. We shall always recall with a peculiar delight the poem of Tom Taylor, in the London *Punch*, which came to us from an unlooked-for quarter just at the time when the bitter agony and desolation of those frightful April days were hardest to bear, and when every precious word of consolation was indeed most welcome. We cannot but remember also with unstinted admiration the noble lines of Lowell in his famous Commemoration Ode, recited at the Harvard memorial services, in honor of her fallen

sons, when he hung that fitting and splendid wreath on Lincoln's "world-honored urn." All America has reason to prize the words of Emerson, wiser and shrewder than those of Plutarch, which he spoke to his friends and neighbors when they assembled to consider their grief and to mourn the death of Lincoln. Having named these three lofty tributes, I need not further extend the list of panegyrics inspired by the memory of Lincoln, in poetry and eloquence in all parts of the world. They bring us to a pivotal question—this Society of the Loyal Legion, what is it doing, what can it do, what can it strive to do, that is worthy of the fame of Lincoln? May I venture to change a single word in the familiar line of Coleridge so that it will read—

"He prayeth best who doeth best."

The question, then, is as to the work of Lincoln—as to what we can do to support and to advance that work. In the great conflict where he led, and in which it was our good fortune and our golden opportunity to follow, it has been wisely said, "ideas were behind the cannon and ideas pointed the musket." We are also told that the ancestor of noble deeds is always noble thoughts. Then the ideas, the thoughts, by which Lincoln became the type, the representative, the very incarnation of the spirit and purpose of the war, which we are coming to regard as almost divine—what were those ideas, what were those thoughts? Our reply is, Humanity, anxious solicitude for the welfare of all mankind, hatred of wrong to the humblest human being, our common brotherhood, sympathy with the oppressed and the suffering. These sentiments, and sentiments like these, filling his soul and the guide of his life, are at once the secret and the sure foundation of the enduring place which Lincoln holds in the affections of all mankind.

Nowhere, my Companions, can the lesson of his life be more fitly studied or more warmly cherished than in this Army Society, which traces its origin to that awful time when the ending of that life was felt as a personal bereavement by all who fought the good fight that was so ennobled and so consecrated by the death of its martyr chief. That lesson, while it contains almost the whole

future of our country, is short and simple. Our America to-day is plainly approaching—nay, is it not drawing very near?—to the parting of the roads. Dazzled almost to blindness by contemplation of the unrivalled swiftness and splendor of her march to prestige, to power, to riches, and to glory, is there not danger that our country may be tempted to reject or neglect the message of Lincoln? That message, often repeated by him in words, always exhibited in his life from his earliest to his latest days on earth, can be easily and amply given in a single sentence. His whole life, his whole being seemed to say to his country (and yet he understood the limitations of government, the limitations of the law; no man better than Lincoln understood that there are important things that government can not do and that law can not do; and yet that life seemed to say, as his words often said) : “ My countrymen, see to it that, so far as human laws and human conduct avail, every son and daughter of America shall have a fair start and an equal chance in the race of life.” Reject or neglect this, and our government is republican in nothing but name, and that doom which the Almighty has appointed for all shams is not far off. On the other hand, let the American people—and especially let all who stood by Lincoln on the perilous edge of battle in support of the rights of human nature—remain steadfastly true to the ideas and the thoughts for which they fought in the great War, and we shall thus do all that in us lies to link the destiny of our country to the stars and to entitle her institutions to share in that immortality which, under the allotment of Providence, in the affairs of nations belong only to eternal justice, in the dealings of man with his fellow man.

General GREGG. The history of Massachusetts in the War of the Rebellion is a very interesting one and is familiar to all, especially as to the large number of troops furnished by that grand old Commonwealth, the ability with which they were officered, and the care that was taken of them by the home government. It is not surprising that, after the Military Order of the Loyal Legion was founded, one of the first to organize was the Commandery of Massachusetts. The delegation from that Commandery numbers many distinguished and prominent men, among others a very distinguished soldier who has added to his fame by his ability in the civil service of the nation, as a Cabinet Officer. I have the pleasure of presenting to you Major-General Charles Devens.

General DEVENS. Companions of the Army and the Navy: I congratulate you that we are assembled in such full numbers to celebrate the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the formation of this Order. Survivors of many a hard-fought battle and many a desperate day, you come alike from the long marches and fierce conflicts which gave us possession of the South and West, from the banks of the Cumberland, Tennessee, and Mississippi, from the narrower, yet not less terrible field where the Army of the Potomac fought out finally to the bitter end its bloody and protracted duel with the Army of Northern Virginia, and from every scene by land or sea made red by heroic strife. The mountain ranges, the deep bayous, the rich and broad plains, the mighty rivers of the fairest portion of a continent, attest your constancy and valor. Time as well as war has been generous to you in this, that for a quarter of a century it has permitted you to enjoy the just regard of a nation and the full fruition of your deeds. For this bounteous gift let us render the homage of grateful hearts.

We are fortunate in the place where we assemble. The city of Philadelphia was the capital of our Revolutionary era. Here were proclaimed the birth and independence of the United States. Here, too, was framed that Constitution which is the crowning glory of the Revolution. The peace with Great Britain, in 1783, had left us without a settled government and the discords

of jealous States had already appeared. The years that immediately followed were filled with profound distrust and anxious forebodings. The convention that met here in 1787 made of these States a people and a nation. Where should those who offered their lives to defend that Constitution meet more happily or more proudly than in the city in which it received its birth?

Nor ought we to forget that in the hour of the Rebellion this city lost none of its ancient reputation for patriotism. Its gallant sons were among our earliest and bravest soldiers; its generous contributions, its sanitary commissions, its Christian commissioners, its cordial supplies of provisions to the soldiers going to or returning from the front, its unfailing care of the sick and wounded, are embalmed in sacred remembrance. We, whose residence is to the North and East had from our position the largest share of this lavish hospitality. One who has been through here, as I have been, with a hungry regiment and seen every man bountifully fed, or has come, as I have come, a wounded soldier, and known the bounty of its citizens and the skill of its justly renowned surgeons, may certainly speak with something like personal feeling.

The Military Order of the Loyal Legion had its inception on that saddest day, at the conclusion of the Civil War, when humanity throughout the world was shocked by the death of Abraham Lincoln. In honor of that illustrious memory, and of the great cause for which we had fought, in recognition of the affectionate friendships which had been inspired among the officers of the army then about to disband, in historic recollection of the Society of the Cincinnati which had embraced the officers of the Revolutionary Army, it was determined to form this Order; and at a meeting of a few officers in this city the initial steps were that day taken for its organization. It was the first of the military societies which followed, or rather accompanied, the close of the war. I do not intend to pursue the details of its history, except to say, that when some time later the society of the Grand Army of the Republic was formed, intended to comprehend all of whatever rank who had honorably served, no antagonism was created to this, nor was any reason seen why, in its more

limited sphere, this might not also be properly maintained. To the Grand Army of the Republic we have always fully and cordially accorded as its rightful place the position of the great representative society which includes and gathers into itself every association of that whole American army which subdued the Rebellion. That society has extended wide its generous and open-handed charity; it has cherished the noblest patriotism, and if there are those of this association who are not also members of that, I urge them respectfully to join its ranks, and to give to it their cordial support in its purest and highest aims.

Of the officers who listen to me, many, almost a majority, have carried the musket and the knapsack in the ranks, and are justly proud that they have won their way by their own ability and determination. To some the possession of high military qualities may have given command, yet in all armies rank and promotion are often the result of circumstance and opportunity, and thus accident contributes to success. It was especially so in our own, springing as it did from the ground at once in answer to the call of an imperilled country. Long and faithful service to many a man brought only the proud consolation of duty nobly done, of sacrifice generously offered, and of that self-respect which one may well maintain, even in the humblest home. As I would speak to-night of all our armies as but one, so would I speak of those who composed it as but a single body of men. Side by side on many a field won by their valor, no useless coffins around their breasts, but wrapped in the blanket which is the soldier's martial shroud, officers and men await together the coming of the eternal day. Side by side those more fortunate, who have returned, have returned with equal claims to the regard and love of those for whom they fought. When one has done his whole duty, so far as his title to respect is concerned, it can and ought to make no difference whether he did it with the stars of the general or the eagles of the colonel on his shoulder, or in the simple jacket of the private. The fame of every general, even in the highest rank, must depend largely on the men whom he leads. However far-reaching and sagacious his plans may be, it

is still by strong hands and stout hearts that they must be carried out and results achieved.

When we consider how little adapted the education of the American citizen is to that system of discipline which is intended to make of the soldier a machine, in order that the physical strength and power of thousands may be wielded by the will of one alone, when we remember how prone we all of us are to criticise the acts of others or their orders and directions, we realize how difficult it must have been to yield that unquestioning obedience which is the necessary rule of the military service. Yet how generously they gave their confidence, how nobly they strove, sometimes in disaster, often under the most trying circumstances, to execute the orders they received! To one who held any command the wish must often have come that he could have led them better and done more full justice to their merits.

Companions, we meet not merely for a few hours of social enjoyment, nor alone to renew our friendships formed, although many of them were when the death-shots were falling thick and fast; we meet also to reassert our devotion to the great cause of the Constitution and the Union; we meet to honor the memories of those who bravely died in that righteous cause, or who have passed from our side in the years that have followed, and to dedicate ourselves anew to country and to the great principles of liberty and justice.

In the long annals of wars with which earth has been filled, it would be difficult to find many less justifiable than the War of the Rebellion. The flimsy dogma of the right of a State to secede from the Union at its own will and pleasure, and assert its sovereignty against that of the government of which it formed a component part, was a pretence only by which the leaders of the slave States sought to disguise their project of erecting an empire whose corner-stone was to be (to use Mr. Vice-President Stephens' own words) the system of slavery.

Had any one in Philadelphia, in 1787, uttered the gloomy foreboding that every State might withdraw from the Union at its own pleasure, and that the Constitution had thus provided its own dissolution, his fears would have been scouted and laughed

to scorn. He would have been told this Union is not one of States, but of the people of all the States—so it is expressly declared; as such alone can it be accepted. It was a necessity of the task that the framers of the Constitution had before them that the government they had met to form should include two classes of States. Nor did the difficulty appear to them so formidable as it afterwards proved. Fresh from their own struggle for liberty, they could not but be conscious that this system was utterly inconsistent with the principles upon which a free government must rest; yet they fully believed that it would die out and drift silently away. It was not thus to pass away—but in the wildest of storms and tempests that ever raged on sea or land; but now that it is gone, earth and sky are fairer than before.

Without dwelling on the various phases of the protracted controversy to which this system gave rise under the influence of men who were willing to sacrifice the Union to its perpetuity, the failure to make of Kansas a slave State, and the election of Mr. Lincoln had settled that there was to be no more slave territory added to the Union. Madly resolved to rule or ruin, those who controlled the public opinion of the South determined to dissolve the Union. No real grievance existed, but imaginary ones could be trumped up. No right of the Southern States was invaded, or even threatened. The President-elect had solemnly pledged himself to protect them in every right; nor could he if he would have done otherwise; as while they remained, his administration would have had an adverse majority in both houses of Congress which they could substantially control. But his election was made at once the occasion of secession by the cotton States which stood, however, alone during the anxious winter of 1860–61. The Union feeling was still strong in the States that lay north of them and they were as yet reluctant to take the decisive step. Something must be done to involve them, something to “fire the Southern heart,” as the phrase of the day was, and to induce them to make a common cause; and then the tempest of shot and shell was let loose upon Fort Sumter. The experiment had the success which was anticipated, and a success which was not anticipated, for if the

Southern heart was fired, so was the Northern also. How majestic was that uprising, how former political differences were forgotten, how strongly all felt that the great tie of American citizenship was above all party—I do not need to remind you. There were not wanting those, aghast at the gulf of fire that seemed opening before us, who said let the “wayward sisters go in peace;” there were not wanting others, who, deeply sensible of the evils of slavery, were ready to grasp at the opportunity of separating from the States which tolerated it. The loyal head of the country was wiser, the loyal heart of the country truer than this. As the startling news flew from city to city and village to village, east and west, that our flag had been insulted and trampled upon, and the integrity of our government assailed, the stern tones of the answer of the people always came back, “the United States is a nation competent to assert its own sovereignty, and to subdue and punish traitors.” To them the Union was not a rope of sand to be blown about by every breeze, or washed away by a summer sea, but a chain whose golden links were strong as adamant. Forged in the fire of that great strife which had finally separated us from the most powerful nation on the earth, it was clear that if the Union were once destroyed, all hope of erecting any stable government upon its ruins must for the time be abandoned. The conflicts of discordant States were before us, grinding against each other their bloody edges in fierce contentions, which like the wars of the Saxon Heptarchy would be worth no more to the advancement of the world than the wars of the Kites and Crows. Nor if two distinct confederacies could have been framed, was permanent peace between them possible. Two great systems of civilization were front to front and face to face. The conflict in arms, to which we had been summoned by the cannon which bombarded Fort Sumter, was indeed irrepressible. It was a necessity of empire that one or the other should conquer. Rich and broad as the continent is, with its great gateways on the Atlantic and the Pacific seas, it was not broad enough for both.

It was a great elemental struggle, where the differences had their origin in the foundations of society itself. There are times in the history of nations when the conduct of its wars may be left to its regular forces; yet no such time had come to us. It was a war of the people, waged unhappily against a portion of the same people, yet not the less in obedience to the plainest principles of justice and right. Nor let it ever be forgotten that although the leaders of the Rebellion were successful in drawing into it most of the States of the South, there were true men everywhere who never yielded and never faltered in their allegiance. If I could properly give a warmer welcome to any above others, it should be to the gallant soldiers of Kentucky and Tennessee, of Maryland, West Virginia, Missouri, and other States of the South, who came to rejoice our hearts and strengthen our hands.

It was in the feeling of the most exalted patriotism that the national army was formed, and the men who composed it embraced all that was purest and bravest in the young life of a nation. Counting all the cost, recognizing all the danger, the path of duty before them was plain, and they followed it. No doubt the blood of youth was high in their veins, and they looked forward not unwillingly to the stern joy of the conflict; but love of country was still the great moving principle which actuated them. It is not a penalty, it is a just responsibility, that a government founded by a people should look to them for its legitimate defence. Certainly, I would speak neither to-night, nor at any other time, any words of harshness or unkindness individually of those with whom we were lately at war. There is no body of men more anxious to be at peace with all their countrymen than are the soldiers of the national army; there are no utterances more cordial in favor of a generous oblivion and forgetfulness than are theirs; but they cannot, and they ought not forget that the cause for which those who opposed them stood was gravely wrong. It is the cause for which our brave have died that forever sets them apart among the myriads who people the silent cities of the dead. Let us be generous to those with whom we had to contend, but let us be just to our

own. We willingly do honor to their courage and valor, but those high qualities have sometimes gilded with a false light causes which cannot command the approval of the world or bear the clear, white light of time. We know the allowances which must be made for erroneous beliefs, for mistaken education, for old associations, for the example of others, even for temporary feeling and passion. Let us make them freely. Yet, when all are made, neither the living nor the dead of a great and holy cause can be confounded with those who fell in the wretched struggle to destroy a nation or erect a system of government false to the great principles of liberty. Their cause, as well as ours, is rapidly passing into history. Before that great tribunal we are ready to hold up our hands and plead and answer. Nor shall we fear that its verdict can be otherwise than that it was the cause of order against disorder, of just and righteous government against rebellion, of liberty against slavery. If it be less than this, then was Mr. Jefferson Davis the patriot he has been somewhere lately eulogized, and we, and the brave who offered their lives with us, but successful traitors.

It is not for us here to review, even in the most cursory way, the events of that tremendous struggle. Such would be the office of the historian, not of the casual speaker. The problem before us we underrated in the beginning, nor since have we taken the credit which is fairly due for overcoming its difficulties. To conduct a war over such an extended territory with success, to seize and hold its strategic points in the midst of a hostile and warlike population, to maintain the lengthened lines of communication for armies operating far from their base, was an enterprise unparalleled in its demand for men and resources. That the contest must broaden into one for the liberty of all men, and that the plague spot which had troubled the peace of the Union must be cut out by the surgeon's knife, was obvious from the first. The year 1862 stands forever memorable as including one of those events whose occurrence marks the opening of a new era, and showed that the great bell of time has struck another hour. "I had made a solemn vow," says Mr. Lincoln himself, "that if General Lee was driven from Maryland I would crown the result by a

declaration of freedom to the slaves." That vow was faithfully kept, for on the Monday which followed the information that the battle of Antietam was won, this was issued, to be followed on January 1 by the more formal proclamation which declared all persons to be free within the insurgent States, stating the act to be demanded by military necessity, and invoking upon it "the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God." Such an act was, from its very nature, irrevocable. On that day the shifting sands of concession and compromise passed from under the feet of the American people, and they planted them firmly on the great rocks of liberty and justice to all men, to be moved therefrom, we will believe, no more forever.

The succeeding year witnessed the splendid victory of Gettysburg, which, accompanying the fall of Vicksburg, marks definitely the culminating point of the conflict by the joint triumph of the Eastern and Western armies, aided by our gallant navy. Although the waves were to come again and yet again, no wave was to come higher than that which was dashed back in clouds of broken, dissolving spray as it struck the iron wall of the infantry of the Army of the Potomac. The causes of the movement of the Confederate army into Pennsylvania were never fully stated by General Lee. He intimates distinctly in his report that others existed than those of a purely military character. Without doubt, among them was the hope to break something of the force of the impending fall of Vicksburg, which, grasped in the iron embrace of Grant and the Army of the Tennessee, must soon surrender. A victory won on Northern soil would do this. It is the good fortune of the patriotic State in which we stand that it contains within its borders not only this memorable field, but that its fame is allied to the victory by the memory of three of its most illustrious commanders. The calm and judicious Meade, whose wisdom brought about the encounter in which the enemy was obliged to attack, and in which the Army of the Potomac was able for once to stand on the defensive; the splendid Hancock, the idol of the Potomac Army, whose fiery words and majestic presence infused into all around him something of the courage of his own daring heart, are gone

to-day. They lived long enough to be assured of the honor and love in which they were held by their countrymen ; but on the field and at the head of the First Corps died Reynolds, then, as always, unassuming, modest, brave, contributing nobly to that victory whose fruits he was never to enjoy. Yet where could man die better than in the defence of his native State, his life-blood mingling with the soil on which he first drew breath? The 4th of July, 1863, was the proudest day which up to that time the Union arms had ever known, for the cannon which ushered in a nation's natal day were mingled with those which told through the North the victory of Gettysburg, and were echoed and re-echoed from the West and South along with those which in thunder tones announced that Vicksburg had fallen and that the Mississippi ran "unvexed to the sea."

The terrible year of 1864 was yet to come. The control of all the armies was to pass into the hands of General Grant alone, and to be directed by his single will. The west of the Alleghenies was secure under the direction of Sherman, and as he made his great march from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to the sea, the conflicts of the Army of the Potomac with its formidable opponent were to be renewed again and again on such desperate fields as the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, and Cold Harbor. In the spring of 1865 that great army moved to its last series of battles, and the surrender of Appomattox followed. The sword of Lee was laid in the conquering hand of Grant, and the War of the Rebellion was over. Henceforward no shot was to be fired in anger, and the surrender of the other armies of the Confederacy followed. No executions, no harsh punishments were to mark its close ; yet under God the Union had received a new birth of freedom, and, purified by the fires through which it had passed, had risen grander and more august among nations.

Silently as snow-flakes melt into the sea, the men who composed our armies passed into the general life of that community which they had saved, yet not as drones or idlers, but to carry with them into the occupations of peace the lessons of courage, fidelity, and patriotism, which they had learned on the grim

fields of war. Their bugles will wake no more the morning echoes as they salute with their reveille the coming day; the descending night will hear no more the rolling tattoo of their drums; their cannon long since have uttered their last note of defiance or of victory; yet impartial history shall record that no army was ever assembled with higher aims and loftier purposes, none more ardent with the sacred flame of patriotism, none more calm and resolute in disaster, and none more generous and forgiving in victory. So long as the flag that it bore at the head of its marching columns shall wave above a free and united people, it shall be remembered with gratitude that in its day and generation it did for this country deeds worthy of immortal honor, and that the army that preserved is worthy to stand side by side with the army that achieved the liberty of the Republic.

The material evidences of the conflict pass rapidly away. The earthworks with which the land was covered sink to the level of the surrounding soil, and scarp and counterscarp meet in the ditch that once divided them. So let the evil feelings it engendered fade away. It is marked definitely only by the great amendments to the Constitution of the United States. That these embody more than its fair results, that they are intended to do more than to state in a definite and permanent form the principles of justice, freedom, equality before the law for all men, that they should be fully and generously obeyed, cannot be seriously contested. The victory gained was for the South as well as the North. Already in agriculture, formerly almost her only source of revenue, her production has vastly increased, while the opening of mines, the development of manufactures, the rise of great towns and cities, where formerly existed but scattered hamlets, attest the inspiration she has caught from freedom. Year by year, as time rolls on, she is destined to feel the influences of that steady force which is impelling the country forward, nor will she lag behind in the march of peace and prosperity.

Companions, while we have a right to rejoice in all that brave hearts and strong arms have won, no occasion that draws together those who survive of the armies of the Union can be one of unmixed joy. With proud memories come also those that

are grave and sad. Nor if I recall those who are gone before us, would I do so to diminish one jot or tittle of the pleasure of our present gathering, but rather to ennoble and dignify it. I would remember them as each one of us would wish to be recalled in the hour of decent mirth and of social enjoyment, when hand clasps hand in friendship and mutual esteem. There are no words which can render a just tribute to those whose deeds are their true eulogy; there is no honor too high for those who gave their lives willingly rather than that a single star should be obscured on the mighty shield on which are emblazoned the arms of the Union.

Nor do you need to be reminded how many have passed away since the war, and how steadily the fierce artillery of time is doing its work. Close up the ranks as best we can, we are an army to which there come no recruits. Generous as is this gathering at our Twenty-fifth Anniversary, how few can expect to join in its fiftieth! Without doubt there will be some who will with more feeble voices seek to raise the ringing cheer with which we once answered the rebel yell, even if soon they too must yield to the common lot of man. The chiefs of this organization, the predecessors of its present Commander, who I trust may long be spared—General Cadwalader, that model of a gentleman and soldier, the splendid Hancock, the fiery and impetuous Sheridan—all are gone. Yet let me not mention names, lest by mentioning some I might seem to omit others equally worthy, save the great name of Grant alone. He was the Commander of all the armies, to his trumpet call each one of us has answered, and to him it was given to end our great strife with a victory which enabled him to exclaim, "Let us have peace."

How many are missing to-day at the roll call you know but too well. Even if our voices may falter and our utterances choke as the name of some honored chieftain who has led us rises to our lips, or of some dear friend, it may be, who has shared our mess and our blanket, we recall them in honor, and not in sorrow. So would we remember all, not alone the great chiefs who urged forward the onset of mighty battalions, but the humblest, faithful soldier who did his duty manfully. Wherever

those gallant spirits have passed to their long repose, whether they sleep in the bayous of the Mississippi, or by the waters of the Potomac, the Cumberland, or the Tennessee, in the tangled wild-wood, or in the shadow of their own homes with the monumental marble high above their breasts, all in memory are welcome here. "The whole earth," says Pericles, "is the sepulchre of illustrious men," and our mountains seem to lift their heads more loftily for the brave who lie upon their crests, and our rivers to move to the sea with a prouder sweep for those whose life-blood has mingled with their streams :—

"They fell devoted but undying;
The very gale their names seems sighing,
The waters murmur of their name,
The woods are peopled with their fame,
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Roll mingling with their fame forever."

Nor, Companions, in this hour, do we fail to remember him, not a soldier indeed, but to whose military capacity, developed by years of anxious study, tardy justice is just beginning to be done, who was, by the Constitution, the Commander of its army and navy, the then President of the United States—him upon whom the faith of all citizens and soldiers, old or young, rich or poor, alike, had rested secure during those terrible years, and whose own heart was large enough to embrace in love and charity all that people over whom Providence had placed him to be their ruler and guide in the supreme hour of their destiny. Twenty-five years ago to-day he passed from the ranks of living men, yet each year has added to that pure and splendid fame. Every record, every newly discovered act or letter which loving industry brings to light, but serves to reveal how kind and good, how wise and great he was.

On the day after its capture, when he visited Richmond, it was my own good fortune to ride side by side with him in the headquarters' army wagon which conveyed him through the streets of that city so long the citadel of the Confederacy. He seemed weary and tired, graver than I had ever seen him, less rejoicing in the triumph that had been won than anxious about

the new problems looming up before him. It may be that I interpret the recollections of that hour in the baleful light of the dreadful tragedy that so soon followed; yet, as I recall it, he seemed to me like one who felt that his life's work was done, and who would willingly rest from his labors, that his works might follow him. The ways of Providence are not always ours; it may be that it was decreed that this great life should end in the very hour of victory by the assassin's hand, because it was seen by a wider vision than we possess that to that life of self-sacrifice and patriotic devotion, the noblest close was that which has invested him forever with the martyr's crown. It is not always to those who achieve success that its temporal enjoyment is granted; the reward of high heroic souls is in their own sense of duty performed, of trial and sacrifice resolutely endured, in the consciousness that others will reap all for which they have bravely striven.

In the older Scriptures the stately figure of the great Hebrew law-giver and warrior stands on the lonely hill in the land of Moab to gaze out over the Promised Land, which it is decreed he shall never enter. Fair before him stretch the fertile fields, yet no crops from them shall ever fill his garner. The sparkling waters dance in the sunlight, yet no draught from them shall ever refresh his weary lips. He has crossed at the head of the children of Israel the stormy waters of the Red Sea; he has led them through the forty years of wandering in the wilderness. For them the hour of enjoyment has come; his work is done; for him it remains but to rest in his lonely grave. So to this our Moses, who had led us through the Red Sea of Rebellion, is vouchsafed but a glimpse of the Promised Land, as he passes from mortal sight forever.

"Beautiful upon the mountains," says the prophet Isaiah, "are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings." Yet as the messengers approach we see that their countenances are grave, that their garments are worn, that their feet are torn by the flinty way; but beautiful are they still for the glad tidings which they bear. And as in imagination there rises again before us the tall figure of Abraham Lincoln, not graceful according to the rules of classic art, yet not without its own simple majesty; as we behold again

that rugged countenance, deep graven with the lines of princely care, we see it illumined with a nobler light than the cunning hand of the Greek could give to the massive brow of the Olympian Jupiter; beautiful in the radiance of truth and justice, while the scroll that he holds in his strong right hand bears the glad tidings of liberty to all men.

Companions, my brief task is ended. In the conflict and in the years that have followed, half of what were once our numbers, it is probable, have passed the barrier that separates the seen from the unseen world. They are the advance of that army of which we are the rear-guard. Somewhere they have halted for us, somewhere they are waiting for us. Steadily we are closing up to them. Let us sling on our knapsacks as of old, let us cheerily forward in the full faith that by fidelity to duty, by loyalty to liberty, by devotion to the country which is the mother of us all, we are one army still.

DESCRIPTIVE FANTASIA.

BAND OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS.

An Episode in a Soldier's Life, or Recollections of the War
Introducing

The camp at night
 Around the fire
 The boys sing "Annie Laurie"
 The enemy attempts a surprise
 The battle
 The return to camp
 The band heard in the distance
 Gradually drawing nearer
 "The Vacant Chair"
 A dream of "Home, Sweet Home"
 Drummer's call
 The warning gun
 The Reveille
 The Assembly
 Breakfast call
 First call for Guard
 Assembly of Guard details
 To the color
 Boots and Saddles
 The fife and drum corps
 Recall
 Roast Beef—Dinner call
 "Marching through Georgia"
 The Retreat
 Sunset gun
Band concert "The Mocking Bird"
 Tattoo
 "The Star-Spangled Banner"
 Extinguish Lights, or Taps

General GREGG. When the Rebellion burst upon the country, one of our citizens had reached the zenith of his fame in his profession. He was the peer of all great actors. His soul fired with patriotism, he quit the stage and thereafter devoted himself to the service of the soldiers. Everywhere in the North where there was an association to raise funds for the benefit of soldiers his talents were employed; and in the camps he cheered the heart of many a soldier by his excellent and admirable recitations. I have the pleasure of presenting the venerable Professor and Companion James E. Murdoch.

READINGS.

PROF. JAMES E. MURDOCH.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

DRAKE.

When freedom from her mountain-height,
Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She call'd her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on ;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn,
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home !
By angel hands to valor given ;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
For ever float that standard sheet !
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us !

COMRADES KNOWN IN MARCHES MANY.

COMPANION CHARLES G. HALPINE.

"Comrades known in marches many,
Comrades tried in dangers many,
Comrades bound by memories many,
 Brothers evermore are we ;
Wounds or sickness may divide us,
Marching orders may divide us,
But, whatever fate betide us,
 Brothers of the heart are we.

"Comrades known by faith the clearest,
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Bound we are by ties the dearest,
 Brothers evermore to be ;
And, if spared and growing older,
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,
And with hearts no thrill the colder,
 Brothers ever we shall be.

"By communion of the banner,
Battle-scarred but victor banner,
By the baptism of the banner,
 Brothers of one church are we ;
Creed nor faction can divide us ;
Race nor language can divide us,
Still, whatever fate betide us,
 Brothers of the heart are we !"

IN MEMORIAM—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE CEMETERY AT
GETTYSBURG, NOVEMBER 19, 1863.

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war; testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

O, CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN.

O, Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
But O, heart! heart! heart!
O, the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O, Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.
Exult, O shores, and ring O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

OUR MARTYR CHIEF.

From the Commemoration Ode.

LOWELL.

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as in the field,
 So generous is Fate ;
 But then to stand beside her,
 When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield—
 This shows, methinks, God's plan
 And measure of a stalwart man,
 Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
 Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
 Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
 Whom late the Nation he had led,
 With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief ;
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
 Nature, they say, doth dote,
 And cannot make a man
 Save on some worn-out plan,
 Repeating us by rote ;
For him her Old-World mould aside she threw,
 And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
 Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new ;
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
 How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead ;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
 Not lured by any cheat of birth,
 But by his clear-grained human worth,

And brave old wisdom of sincerity !
 They knew that outward grace is dust ;
 They could not choose but trust
 In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
 And supple-tempered will
 That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
 Nothing of Europe here,
 Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
 Ere any names of Serf and Peer
 Could Nature's equal scheme deface ;
 Here was a type of the true elder race,
 And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
 His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
 Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
 A seamark now, now lost in vapors blind ;
 Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
 Fruitful and friendly for his humankind,
 Yet also known to Heaven and friend with all its stars.
 I praise him not ; it were too late ;
 And some innate weakness there must be
 In him who condescends to victory
 Such as the present gives, and cannot wait,
 Safe in himself as in a fate.
 So always firmly he ;
 He knew to bide his time,
 And can his fame abide,
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
 Till the wise years decide.
 Great captains, with their guns and drums,
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,
 But at last silence comes ;
 These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
 Our children shall behold his fame,
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first American.

General GREGG. To introduce to an audience such as this, of old soldiers and their sympathizing friends, the General-in-Chief of the Army, would be presumption. I have the pleasure of presenting General Schofield.

Gen. SCHOFIELD. Companions and Ladies and Gentlemen : The great sacrifices made by the people of this country in the long struggle for the preservation of the Union have been returned in blessings upon the nation in many forms. One of the most notable of these is in the development, for the first time in the history of the nation, of the military system peculiar to this country. The gallant soldiers who learned the art of war in four years of service in the field, have by their inspiration, their leadership and instruction, developed the militia of the States of the Union, or National Guard, into the character and positions which properly belong to them in the military system of the United States. This system was not constructed by our forefathers upon the model of that of any other nation, nor did they attempt to build it in accordance with any well-defined military theory, but left it to develop and grow through the necessities of the country and by the application of well-established military principles. Hence that system has always been, in its imperfect state, as well as now in its more highly developed state, essentially different in many important respects from the system of any other country. The most notable perhaps of its characteristics is the composition of the armies of the United States, viz., the exceedingly small proportion of the regular establishment, the much larger proportion of the organized militia or National Guard, and the vastly greater proportion of the reserve forces upon which the country relies in a time of war. The next characteristic is in the high character of the men who compose the line and staff (I speak of the organized forces of the State militia as well as of the regular army), the excellent discipline and the degree of instruction maintained in those forces, of which the type is found in the Military Academy. Starting there with the broadest possible democratic theory of selection and then, by a process of elimination such as is known nowhere else in the world, those

not sufficiently capable are sent to their homes and those alone who survive this ordeal are chosen to serve the United States. A similar process is enforced with regard to the rank and file. By a process of elimination, the unworthy are cast out and those alone are retained whom the people can rely upon under all circumstances to execute their will as expressed in the laws.

The same characteristic is found among the National Guard of the several States. Nowhere in the world is there a force which, at so little cost and with so little expenditure of time, is made so reliable a force for the execution of the laws of a free people.

But, above all, in this country the most striking characteristic of the military system is its control by the civil administration. Here, not only in name, but in fact, the Chief Civil Magistrate is the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and of the Navy. Not only is his will, under the law, the only authority for the movements and operations of the Army; but in the details of administration, in every detail of command, either the will of the Chief Magistrate himself or of his chosen representative, fresh from the people themselves, is found in every part of the service, both military and naval. It may be that such a system is not, according to any well-defined theory, a perfect system. Be it so. It is the system which the people of the United States want. It is the system by which the military power of the nation is made subservient absolutely to the national will. Under it, the soldier can have no motive of action but duty, he can know no authority but the law and the ministers of the law chosen by the people, and he can have no ambition higher than that of public approbation of duty well performed.

General GREGG. All soldiers, wherever they have served, whether in the Army of the Potomac or in the Western Army, knew General Howard. I now present that gentleman to you.

General HOWARD. Companions of the Army and Navy and Friends: It really seems to me too late, at this hour, for me to present anything but an endorsement of what has been said and

so well said. This I can well do, as I have been accustomed in one or two organizations with which I have been connected to say "Amen." I have, however, prepared a brief paper, which I have here, and I will try your patience by reading it. It is as follows :—

"Loyal Legion." It is an expressive name. The term "Loyalty," long so called, was not a little discredited during our Revolution; yet I heard a man the other day claiming most earnestly the genuine aristocracy of his family on the ground that his great-grandfather, an inhabitant of New York, was loyal to Great Britain during the entire Revolutionary struggle, and that this worthy ancestor ever fought gallantly against the Yankees during the war.

The loyalty itself was all right but, over here, we believe it was misdirected—the possessor of that loyal spirit should have moved over into his Majesty's Kingdom, as Arnold did, and there laid the corner-stone of his proud family mansion.

Our reconstructed friends say that our Government Loyalty was just like that of the British-American Tories—whereas they themselves were all right according to the Revolutionary language, that is, at their worst only Rebel patriots. We see a vast difference. Of old, the Tory was loyal to the oppressor. The rebelling patriot was loyal to the principles of individual liberty. Of late we were loyal to the Union and to the perpetuation of individual liberty. Against these, the Union and individual liberty, the Confederate confessedly drew his angry bow, and aimed his heaviest catapult.

This organization, "The Loyal Legion," has a sweet alliteration to the patriots who thought and spoke and fought for the Union and for individual liberty to be regulated by law. They cherish the idea that the sons who are made eligible to the Loyal Legion will take up their father's plans and perfect them, that they will seize upon our country's problems which are not yet fully solved and complete them. Loyalty fought long and hard, amid many dark hours and awful discouragements; but she finally gained her Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Atlanta, Nashville, and Appomattox. Loyalty gave freedom to every slave within the Union.

Loyalty gave the right to the freed people to testify in the courts of law. Loyalty saved the old Constitution beyond peradventure and then amended it.

With many misgivings, almost under compulsion, because verily there was no place in a Government by the people for a nondescript crowd that was not of the people, loyalty extended the great privilege of citizenship to the men of dusky faces. Loyalty opened wide its arms and said to all Confederates, "Come back to Army, Navy, Courts, and Congress. You are most welcome."

And now a set of croakers tell us that loyalty has been too ardent, and so multiplied mistakes; they declare that that grand suffrage was a folly, and that grand forgiveness a humbug. Let us not believe them. These are no longer subjects demanding discussion, they are principles forever settled. We thank God that Jefferson Davis was allowed to live his life, and speak his thoughts, erroneous as they were. They could not harm us after the war, because we were strong enough to stand the strain. Strikes, mobs, lynch-law operations, white caps, shot-gun gangs, Kentucky-Tennessee and North Carolina family feuds are deplorable, but they will not last; for they are but the surgings of the small sea of wrongdoings against the rocks of loyalty. The true loyal soul is guarded ever by more than ten legions of armed helpers, seen and unseen. The battle ever goes on, and as God is God in spite of Agnostics, the right must sooner or later prevail.

Ballot-box stuffing is hideous. It strikes the meanest kinds of blows at the corner-stone of our liberties. Yes, but behold the quick expedients that loyalty devises with some self-acting contrivance to hamper fraud and smother it to death. Many a patriot is hindered from voting, some are maltreated and some are killed. Yes, we know it and we mourn over it. Yet things are better than they were forty years ago, when hundreds of thousands of men didn't dare to say that their souls were their own; when their faces were so doughy that a few resolute tyrants could turn them and shape them as they pleased. Oppressors cannot last long, because loyalty is so abundant, so out-spoken,

and so strong. Our loyal children will take up the easier problems that we bequeath and solve them. They are loyal sons and we can trust them. We only see a prolonged sorrow, and a postponed jubilee in the vestige of injustice which some of our present law-givers foster. And so without losing hope we call upon our loyal sons to keep our old banners flying, stimulating them with the cry that "God is the God of all men," and that wrong perpetuated upon his weakest child within our borders, no matter whence he came, is a disloyalty to Him and the principles we have so successfully established.

Our Constitution is a veritable Goddess. She has reached the highest production plane. She surrounds herself with rich fruitage throughout this Continent. She smiles at England immersed in a turbid lake of musty old laws, trying in vain to give her dear Ireland more liberty. She sorrows over France who has chained her intrinsic power to a single assembly and understands not our triple strength. France, with her Sunday elections, without checks and balances. She calls to all limited monarchies "Come, and see, and imitate, and live." She beckons the poor frightened Tzar to her plane of peace and safety. Hurrah for the Old Constitution. Our loyal souls thank God and fear not for our own America when they behold her lofty seat and her protecting aegis.

General GREGG. Pennsylvanians, I do not address myself to you. I address myself to our visiting Companions, whether from Maine, Oregon, California, or elsewhere. I present the honored Governor of the Commonwealth, Brig.-General James A. Beaver.

Gen. BEAVER. Beauty for ashes, life for death, fragrance for decay—this is the lesson of the spring time, this is the lesson which the glorious sun is shining upon us as we come to this honored gathering. It is an evidence of the great compensating law of nature. It is illustrating itself in this resurrection time of the spring, when the springing blade and the swelling bud are giving gladness to the earth and blessings to her sons. This

great law of compensation finds its illustration in the history of the nation and in the lives of men. Out of the grave of Abraham Lincoln arises a deathless fame; from the death-bed of Abraham Lincoln arises this great loyal organization, whose first duty has been, is and will be, to bless the memory and perpetuate the name of that great apostle and martyr of liberty. My comrades, my Companions from the East and West, the North and South, we owe it to ourselves, we owe it to our posterity, that the fame of Lincoln, the deeds of Grant, and the soldierly achievements of all our great commanders, companions, and comrades who have gone from us shall not be blotted from the memory of the present nor lost to future generations. You, my friends, who are younger than we, who have come upon the stage of action since these deeds of which you have heard to-night, can demand from the men of this great organization, and you ought to demand from them, that before they pay the great debt which they owe to nature they shall discharge the obligation which is due from them to you and to posterity in commemorating and in putting into fadeless type the deeds and the heroism of the men who gave their lives as the measure of their loyalty and of their devotion to the country. If the Loyal Legion can give to the world a reason for its existence, that reason is to be found in its members preserving for this generation and for the generations to come the story of the deeds of their companions and of themselves. Therefore, I say, as we come to the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the death of that great apostle of freedom, the sickening horror of whose taking off clings to us still as each anniversary recurs, recalling how, when the news of it flashed over the wires, we felt as if the foundations had been taken from under us and God himself had hidden His face from us—as we come to this anniversary, which marks also the anniversary of the founding of the Loyal Legion—it seems to me that the lesson which we gather from it should be that, as the Commandery of California, of Michigan, of Missouri, of Nebraska, and notably that of Ohio have been preserving and giving to the world the deeds of their heroes, so we, in every other Commandery, should devote ourselves now and hereafter to paying the debt which we owe to posterity

by preserving for it the records of the achievements, the heroism, the wisdom and the might of the men who gave their lives that this nation might live.

General GREGG. Our neighbors of the New York Commandery sent to this celebration a very large delegation. Happily for us they did not leave behind Brig.-General Horace Porter, whom I have now the pleasure to present.

Gen. PORTER. If I had known the precise character of this flank attack that has been made upon me to-night, I should have tried to throw my pickets further to the front in the hope of gaining sufficiently early information to enable me to beat a masterly retreat; for if there was one lesson which the war taught us better than another, it was that a man may retreat successfully from almost any position, if he only starts in time. I am very sure that the few words I shall speak to-night can be of no practical use on this memorable occasion, but I hope I may be of some service to the speakers who have preceded me, inasmuch as preceding speakers are sometimes like figures in arithmetic—they gain a value and importance they would not have in themselves from the number of ciphers grouped after them.

As I look around to-night—I think we are all here. When I see the compactness of the multitude of Companions gathered in this building, I take it as another verification of the remark made by a distinguished writer that soldiers are the only carnivorous animals that love to live in a gregarious state. When I observe the solidity of the formation here, I cannot help recalling a remark made by a New England soldier, one night, in the Army of the Potomac. He was posted pretty well to the front with orders to give timely notice of any advance of the enemy. About midnight the silence was broken by a quartermaster's mule breaking loose from a wagon in Lee's army. With head down and tail up, the mule came straight for our lines. He brayed until you could hear him both in Washington and Richmond. He came on with trace-chains rattling, hoofs clattering, and whiffle-trees snap-

ping over the stumps of trees. Our man came in and reported to the officer of the picket line. With that coolness which is always characteristic of the New England soldier, he remarked, "They're a-comin'." "How many of them?" the officer asked. He replied, "I didn't stop to count 'em, but, from the solidity of the movement, I should judge it's the hull Southrin Confedracy."

If I know the thought which is uppermost in your minds to-night, it is, that a quarter of a century has passed since the armies of the Union stood shoulder to shoulder in line of battle. It seems all like a dream. A quarter of a century since the men of those armies gathered in their might, rallied to the defence of an imperilled nation, knelt upon this soil to swear allegiance to the Republic, and marched forth to seal the oath with their blood. Time is passing, memory is failing; and it is well that the survivors of that heroic struggle should gather together, should assemble once more around the bivouac, should again kindle the historic camp fires to the end that in their light the world may read anew the record of imperishable deeds. The very touch of the elbow given by comrades here to-night is an undying proof that, as iron is welded in the heat of the forge, so are inseparable friendships welded in the heat of battle.

When the first gun was fired upon Sumter, when Lincoln called for Union troops, some men exclaimed: "What, will brothers fight?" "Aye," was the response, "even brothers will fight when their mother has been struck." Then there came the marshalling of that vast force. Men surged up from the valleys and poured down from the hill tops, the middle wall of partition was broken down between all classes, and it seemed that we lived once more in the brave days of old, when none were for a party but all were for the State. Then came the order to break up the camps of instruction and to move that army to the front. We remember it as well as if it were yesterday. Every hamlet bristled with marching men, every street was lighted by the glitter of their steel. Drums were beating the march; fifes were playing "The girl I left behind me;" many a cheek soon to be bronzed by Southern suns and begrimed with powder was then bathed with the tears of parting; aged parents stood bowed in

the grief of separation; and sweethearts watched the fading columns until the great blinding tears shut out the sight. So with bands playing, drums beating, flags flying, and voices cheering, the legions of American manhood marched away on their grand campaign. The trials of that army have never been matched since the trade of war began. Its sufferings have never been equalled since the days of the Christian martyrs. For a time victory ceased to perch upon its banners; thousands of comrades were languishing in Southern prison pens; the coffers of the Treasury were well nigh drained; news from the front meant defeat; news from the rear meant mob law and draft riots in the streets; hope seemed fading; the land was filled with doubting Thomas's, with unbelieving Saracens, with discontented Catalines; but as the Daues once destroyed the hearing of their war horses in order that they might not be affrighted by the din of battle, so the men in that army turned a deaf ear to doubts and despondency in the rear and pushed boldly to the front. But in that front what scenes were met! Ah, you know them but too well. There was the blistering Southern sun, swamps which bred miasma and death, rivers with impossible approaches, heights to be scaled, batteries to be captured. There was the open plane with guns in front and guns in flank which swept the serried column until human blood flowed as freely as festal wine. There were the dense woods; the upper growth shutting out the light of heaven, the undergrowth impeding the progress of man; forest fires raging; ammunition trains exploding; the dead roasting in the flames; the wounded dragging their mangled limbs after them to escape the conflagration, until every thorn on every bush was hung with shreds of blood-stained clothing, and it seemed that Christian men had turned to fiends and hell itself had usurped the place of earth. But that army never paused until it had fulfilled the wishes of those who mustered it. It never faltered until it snatched victory from defeat and dipped the fringes of its banners in the blood of conquered foes. At last the final gun was fired; and then there fell upon the land that calm which comes after the storm, which is a peace not of man's but of God's making. Then the charges were withdrawn from the guns, the

tents were struck, the flags were tenderly furled—those precious standards, bullet-riddled, battle-torn, but remnants of their former selves, with scarcely enough left of them on which to print the names of the battles they had seen ; the camp fires were left to smoulder in their ashes and the armies of the Union and the armies of Rebellion turned their backs upon each other for the first time in four long bloody years.

The lessons of the war are ever present with us. The story of its battles, the grandest of modern epics, has passed into history, and the imperishable scroll on which that history is written has been securely lodged in the highest niche in the temple of Fame. As long as life itself shall last, future ages will point to that army and exclaim, "Thine honor bore the perfume of heroic deeds."

General GREGG. It gives me great pleasure to present to you the Commander of the old 12th Corps of the Army of the Potomac and the Commander of the Army of Georgia, Major-General H. W. Slocum.

Gen. SLOCUM. Companions : On my arrival here I was presented with a programme of what was to occur to-day. On that I read that this meeting was to close between nine and ten o'clock and that you were to be received by the Union League Club at ten precisely. Now in view of that fact and of the fact that there are five Major-Generals on the list to follow me and more than twenty other gentlemen, not named on the list, who are waiting, I feel that the most appropriate and welcome words I could utter to you would be simply "Good night." I want to say, however, that, as you learned lessons in every battle that you fought during the war, so you should also learn a lesson from to-night's proceedings. I have not any doubt but that, at the semi-centennial anniversary of this Order, to be celebrated, as it ought to be, in Brooklyn, you who may be present there will bear in mind what occurred here and will have the proceedings commence at eight in the morning instead of eight in the evening. I know that

you would do this if you only realized how many fine speeches you have lost because the hour of eleven has come upon us so suddenly. There are orators upon the stage who would have been glad to entertain you and would do so but for the fact that the time has come for us to break up.

General GREGG. On my left is a distinguished soldier who gained distinction in the Army of the Potomac, and has since been very distinguished in Indian warfare. He recently received a well-merited reward in his promotion to Major-General of the regular army. I refer to General Nelson A. Miles, whom I now present.

Gen. MILES. Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I learned for the first time, on reaching this hall, that my name was on the list; but you seem to take liberties with a man's name here in Pennsylvania, and consequently, like my friend General Porter, I see no way of retreating. But I will not occupy your time. I am delighted to be here, to listen to the words of wisdom and patriotism that have been uttered, to enjoy the scenes we have witnessed and the music we have heard, and to be one of your number.

I am gratified to have been engaged in that great enterprise nearly thirty years ago, and I indorse all that has been said here to-night in eulogy of the men whose names have been mentioned. In looking around this platform I notice a representation of the Monitor, and I cannot refrain from mentioning the name of John Ericsson as one of those whose memory should be revered for the services they rendered the government and to the cause of humanity. Let us not forget that patriot, that great man, who did so much to give us the finest navy at the time in the world, and who contributed to the preservation of the blessings that we now enjoy. The thought to which I would give expression is this, that to no one man or class of men is due the credit of accomplishing what was accomplished. Even Mr. Lincoln, the grand hero of that great work, he who signed the commissions and cre-

ated the officers, would not have claimed that credit. It was the people themselves who achieved the result. It was the people of the country who cheered us on and sustained us in our work, and it was from the people that a million of soldiers were organized. In my judgment, the greatest and grandest victory of the war was achieved when, after having saved the country, held it together and destroyed human slavery, the armed hosts marched back again to build up the waste places of their land, to become citizens again and to resume their normal conditions. We have felt the influence of their example in every part of the country. Although their great leader was no more, they practised his precept, "With malice toward none, with charity for all." While here in the East, I am reminded of the great work that has been done by our brethren in the West. Many of you remained in the East, but others went to the far West and there have been making homes and building States.

I will, with your permission, Mr. Chairman, read a telegram which I received to-day from San Francisco. It shows that the same spirit manifest here to-night exists on the other side of the continent, where our brethren are not only inspired by the same principles which actuate you, but that they are building new States and adding new stars to the glorious banner that now floats from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The telegram is dated from San Francisco, to-day, and reads as follows :—

"The California Commandery in stated meeting sends warmest greeting to the Pennsylvania Commandery and Companions assembled in Philadelphia to celebrate the quarter-centennial of the Loyal Legion. Deeply regretting our enforced absence, we telegraph our loyalty to the Order, our faith in its permanence, and our trust that our Companions present will not forget—though absent—that we are with them in spirit."

General GREGG. It gives me great pleasure to present the Commander of the New York Commandery—Brevet Major-General Wager Swayne.

Gen. SWAYNE. A great commemorative meeting, such as this, has—in one aspect—a sacred meaning. We are here, not lest the motives that bring us here should die, but we are here that we ourselves henceforth may be more alive to those motives. Our dead Companions are not dead in any sense that begets an idea of nothingness, for their country will not die. Through the medium of a divinely appointed method, their heart's blood passed into the new life of this country, and the fruit of their self-sacrifice is this, that liberty now lives and flourishes with a glory that is daily brightening the world. They have left to us a heritage in that precious word "Companion," which is full of significance to us and emboldens us, in looking on this great company of valuable lives, to greet each member of it as Companion. That greeting comes home to the heart of every one of us, not as with a roar of multitudes, but with the still small voice that is divine, and conveys from one heart to another a comfort and a sense of fellowship such as we seldom experience.

Companions, this Order of the Loyal Legion recites, in the initial page of its Constitution, that it is founded upon belief in God. It is for us to trust to His love that the influence of our own lives may not be lost and that our dead Companions may look upon us this night, on our rejoicing and on their country's peace—a peace which, we trust, may be likened to that which they enjoy, which is unspeakable forever.

General GREGG. I present Brevet Brigadier-General Wm. R. Marshall, of the Minnesota Commandery, formerly Governor of that State.

Gen. MARSHALL. Companions and Citizens of Philadelphia: I must not fail to extend to you a greeting from the Companions and Commanderies of the far West. We have come more than a thousand miles, from Minnesota, to attend this great anniversary meeting. We feel that we have been abundantly repaid by the splendid hospitality of the Pennsylvania Commandery and the Union League of this city and by this splendid audience of the citizens of Philadelphia and the greeting you have given us to-night.

For myself I may say it is not the first time that I have been a guest and enjoyed the hospitality of your great, generous, patriotic city. Twenty-four years ago it was my fortune to attend a meeting here of the Southern Loyalists, with whom the Governors of the Northern States were invited to participate in the conference upon the situation brought about by the attitude of President Johnson. I remember the princely entertainment that was extended to that convention and the delegates from the West by the Union League. All the Governors of the loyal States were present. Among them were Morton, of Indiana, on whose broad shoulders, as upon an Atlas, the interests of the loyal West had rested during the war; Yates, of Illinois; Buckingham, of Connecticut; Fenton and Morgan, of New York; John A. Andrew, that great and warm-hearted representative of New England; and of course your own great loyal Governor, Andrew G. Curtin. Alas, of all those war Governors, so far as I now know, none remain but Ramsey, of my own State, and Curtin, of Pennsylvania.

Companions and Citizens of Philadelphia: It is an instructive thing to us of the far West to come to your city, one so rich in historic associations and patriotic memories. The speakers to-night have mentioned the Hall of Independence; the formation here of the Constitution; the Continental Congress, whose sittings were here; but they did not exhaust the rich associations of Philadelphia and its vicinity. The flames of the Revolutionary War burned fiercely about you. Across the wintry waters of the Delaware is Trenton; here in your corporate limits is Germantown; toward the capitol of the nation is Brandywine; and not far up the Schuylkill is Valley Forge; all of which are associated with the darkest hour in the times that tried men's souls. Here you nurtured Franklin, who did more than any other man to educate the Colonies and to organize them in resistance to the oppression of George III. Here was the home of Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution; it was fitting that upon your soil of Pennsylvania the great culminating battle should be fought. The cup of honor for Pennsylvania was filled by that great decisive struggle, where the flame of war burned so near to your homes that its heat might almost be felt on the out-

stretched hand. Yours is a city of beautiful rivers with a broad-armed port. Yours is a State of fertile valleys and wooded mountain tops, rich in treasures of iron, coal, and oil stored up from the foundation of the world, yet richer in man's memories for its treasures of patriotic deeds. We of the unhistoric West honor you and reverence you as the mighty keystone of the arch of the Union.

General GREGG. I present the Commander of the Commandery of the District of Columbia and United States Senator from Nebraska, Brevet Brigadier-General Chas. F. Manderson.

Gen. MANDERSON. My Companions of the Loyal Legion, Ladies and Gentlemen: I really think that if the choice was offered to me to lead a charge against a rebel battery or to talk to this exhausted audience at this time of night I would select the first as the least of two evils. These exercises were to close at ten o'clock, that other and more pleasing observances might follow, and it is now near the midnight hour. I congratulate you upon your powers of endurance and the astonishing exhibition of patience you have made. I will not test the one or try the other by inflicting a speech upon you, and if I were to follow the bent of my own inclinations would simply say good-night and retire.

It is perhaps due from me however that in this presence and at this time I should pay one tribute and recall to your minds one or two incidents. Anything I may say to you after these carefully prepared and magnificently delivered addresses, to which you have so patiently listened would sound like the rattle of small arms after the deep-toned thunder of the artillery. You have stood your ground well under the fire and those of you who have remained are at least in the condition of the soldier who fled to the safety of the rear during the battle, and who when he came to where the sound of the bullet was not heard and the shriek of the shell came not, soliloquized thus—"Well, old fellow, you were badly frightened, sadly demoralized and stampeded, but, thank God, you are not scattered!"

If anything were needed to show me the changes that the years have wrought and what effects have come with the passing of the last quarter of a century it came to-night.

With you I listened to that wonderful piece of musical gymnastics played by the Marine Band under the skilled leadership of Sousa. It represented the scenes of the march, the camp, and the battle, and brought in the once familiar bugle-calls. By my side sat a distinguished soldier, who gave a good strong arm to his country's cause. He listened much delighted and at last when the clear bugle notes gave us the reveille he turned to me and exclaimed, "Halloo! there goes the sick call." But really I did not wonder much at the mistake, for we all remember how sick that call made us in the grey dawn of many a foggy, muggy morning. You know that it has been said that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and I am led by this further incident of the evening to believe that the way to enliven recollection and awaken remembrances of the past, is through that organ of the body. The bugler sounded dinner call and my comrade who sat next me recognized it before the last note of the first bar had awakened the echoes.

Our reunion is in the State of Pennsylvania, and many complimentary allusions have been made to this great Commonwealth. The Keystone State stands pre-eminent among all the sisterhood for magnificent, self-sacrificing patriotism. I was born within her borders, and in this great city, and am proud of and exult in my birthright. This City of Brotherly Love, the Quaker City, peaceable in peace, was warlike in war, and from her citizens came many of the best and truest soldiers who followed the flag. Others have spoken of her Generals and of those who won renown in the field, staff, and line of the armies of the Republic. But there was a vast multitude, so great almost that no man can number them, who did as heroic service and never reached the distinction of wearing a shoulder strap.

All honor and enduring fame to the enlisted men, the private soldiers of this great State, whose intelligent and patriotic endeavor did so much towards saving the Union. It is most fitting that they should be referred to to-night, and because of my great

respect for him and because he was a typical private soldier, I desire to single out one of the sons of Pennsylvania for mention. I do so not only because of my respect for him but by reason of my love and reverence for the memory of my old chieftain, the Commander of the Army of the Cumberland, the grandest of all military leaders, General George H. Thomas. At the capitol of this nation there lies to-night, cold in death, a native son of this State, and one of the most distinguished citizens of this municipality. Cast in rugged mould he brought to the performance of every duty an honesty of purpose that commanded the respect of all, whether political friends or foes. He achieved high civil position but he won no place that honored him more than that of having been a private soldier from this State. The particular incident in his career that I would recall to-night is this: Samuel J. Randall at a critical time in the early part of the war, being a private in a Pennsylvania Cavalry Company, wrote a letter in the confidence and trust of personal friendship, to Simon Cameron, then in the zenith of his great fame and a power mighty for good. In this letter he spoke of the inefficiency of some of our military leaders and declared that in a state of war inefficiency was criminality and incompetency deserving of severest punishment. He urged that efficiency deserved and should receive recognition and declared that Colonel George H. Thomas, then obscure and almost unknown, was the proper man by training and experience to be made a Brigadier-General of the U. S. Army. I believe that this unsolicited tribute from this far seeing and observant private soldier went far to cause the appointment of that modest leader and great soldier to the position he so thoroughly and completely filled to the good of the Republic. Both are gone! Peace be with them.

My friends, I do not propose to detain you further save to thank you for your attention and to say that the only comfort to me as one of the ciphers spoken of by General Porter is that I stand on the right of the line of figures where I may hope at least that I add value and increase rather than decrease quality. Of quantity surely you have had enough.

MUSICAL PANORAMA.

BAND OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS.

From the Lakes to the Gulf Stream, the voyage of a Man-o'-war's-man
Comprising

All hands on deck

The boatswain's whistle

All hands up anchor

"Then fare thee well, my own Mary Ann"

Ho, Ho, blow the man down

"The Red, White, and Blue"

"A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea"

We 'll rant and we 'll roar like true Yankee sailors

The Storm

The Prayer in the Storm

The White Squall

"Soiree Dansante" on the fo'c'le

Passing the Confederate Forts

The Confederate band plays "Maryland my Maryland"

and "Carry me back to ole Virginny"

The Man-o'-war's-man's band answers with "We 'll be gay and happy still"

and "Star-Spangled Banner" "Dixie" and "Yankee Doodle" follow

The Apotheosis

Hail Columbia

R E C E P T I O N

AT THE

PENNSYLVANIA

ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS

APRIL 16, 1890

A MEMORABLE RÉCEPTION.

THE reception given in the Academy of Fine Arts was a memorable occasion. There have been many such held in Philadelphia since the Centennial year, but this was the handsomest reception and most beautiful entertainment on so large a scale held in this city in many years. It is doubtful if it has ever been surpassed in some respects. In the many handsome and soldierly men, the monuments of brave manhood left of the successful legions of a great war, and the beauty of the women from many of the largest and most prosperous States of the Union, there has never been a gathering like it. The decorations were dignified and stately as well as patriotic, and with the walls covered with the representative art of the world, great bronze and noble statuary occupying the centre of large spaces, and the music of the grand Marine Band lending inspiration, it was an evening the impressions of which will not soon be forgotten by those who participated. Much of what is best and most enduring in the nation was there represented, and altogether the occasion was on a much higher plane than those on which some purely selfish end is served. There were in all between four and five thousand persons present, making one of the most distinguished gatherings of people of importance from different parts of the country that ever met in Philadelphia.

The decorations were mainly United States flags, bright and new, arranged in shields and escutcheons and as banners in the various rooms and along the imposing stairway or wherever they could be most effectively introduced. The flowers, mainly pink hydrangeas and white daisies and other spring blossoms, were unusually fresh and pretty.

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It was a revelation to many the playing of the Marine Band on this occasion, and it covered itself with new laurels. At times it was as finely modulated as a string orchestra, and again it played as a complete military band with such ability can in an assemblage numbering thousands.

The Northwest Gallery was set apart for the reception, and handsomely embellished with flowers.

P R O G R A M M E

MILITARY ORDER

OF THE

LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS

APRIL 16, 1890

- 1 MARCH—"The Loyal Legion" *Souza*
- 2 GRAND FANTASIA—"Lohengrin" *Wagner*
The Question Motive, The Swan Song,
Elsa's Procession to the Minster,
Prelude to the Bridal Chorus, the Bridal Chorus,
The Grail Motive, Oh, King of Kings,
Finale.
- 3 CORNET SOLO—"Fantasia Brilliant" *Arben*
MR. WALTER F. SMITH.
- 4 PATRIOTIC SONG—"Guard the Flag" *Vickers*
- 5 CLARINET SOLO—"Caprice-Fantastic" *Mayeur*
MR. FELIX IARDELLA.
- 6 FANTASIA—"Reminiscences of Scotland" *Godfrey*
Scots Wha Hae, Auld Robin Gray, Bonnie Laddie,
The Campbells are Comin', The White Cockade,
John Anderson my Joe, Logie o' Buchan,
Green Grows the Rushes, O, The Braes of Auchterarder,
Annie Laurie, Within a Mile of Edinboro', Bonnet Blue,
The Blue Bells of Scotland, Tullochgorum, Auld Lang Syne.
- 7 TROMBONE SOLO—"Image of the Rose" *Reichardt*
MR. HENRY STONE.
- 8 FANTASIA ON AMERICAN MELODIES *Petrola*
- 9 SYMPHONIC POEM—"A Dream in Helvetia" *Sellenik-Gottschalk*

SYNOPSIS—First Period: Swiss scene; dance, church bells, and prayer. A poet overlooks the scene, and regrets the days that are past; the sound of pastoral instruments and the evening church bells invite the pious to prayer.

Second Period: The dream and apparition; the whole of nature is at a standstill; the lullaby of his tender age sounds to the memory of the poet, and a genius appears predicting glory for the future.

Third Period: A dream of triumph, Castles Espagne. The dying poet.
- 10 GRAND MARCH—"Hamlet" *Hassler*

PRELIMINARY

TO THE

C E L E B R A T I O N

At a stated meeting of the Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania, held May 1, 1889, the Recorder called attention to the forthcoming anniversary of the foundation of the Order and submitted the following resolution :—

Resolved, That the Commander be authorized to appoint a committee of forty-one Companions to make the necessary arrangements for the celebration of the founding of the Order in the city of Philadelphia.

Resolved, That the Commandery appropriates toward the expenses of the committee one thousand dollars from the general fund of the Commandery.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

At the stated meeting of the Commandery, October 16, 1889, the Recorder reported the preliminary work and the action of the Commandery-in-Chief as follows :—

Journal of the Commandery-in-Chief, Fifth Annual Meeting, Philadelphia, October 16, 1889.

The Recorder-in-Chief called the attention of the Commandery-in-Chief to the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Order, April 15, 1890, and the arrangements being made under the auspices of the Commandery of Pennsylvania for its proper observance in the city of its origin.

Companion William O. Gould, California, moved that there be issued from the Headquarters of the Order an official circular announcing the programme of the anniversary.

The motion was unanimously adopted.

Companion George W. Chandler, Michigan, moved that there be held in the city of Philadelphia, April 15, 1890, a special meeting of the Commandery-in-Chief in honor of the occasion.

The motion was unanimously adopted.

Companion William O. Gould, California, moved the preparation and promulgation to the Order of a resolution from the Commandery-in-Chief expressive of approval of the celebration, and that the subject be referred to a committee of three Companions for report.

The motion was unanimously adopted.

Commander Gregg, on November 11, 1889, issued the following :—

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.
HEADQUARTERS COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULAR No. 19. }
Series of 1889. }
Whole No. 186. }

PHILADELPHIA, November 11, 1889.

I. The Companions named constitute the General Committee of Arrangements authorized by the unanimous resolution of the Commandery May 1, 1889, for the twenty-fifth celebration of the Order, in the city of Philadelphia, April 15, 1890 :—

RECEPTION.—Galusha Pennypacker, H. M. Hoyt, Lewis Merrill, W. S. W. Ruschenberger, E. N. Benson, George Meade, William Brooke-Rawle, J. P. S. Gobin, James W. Latta, Robert Neilson, Robert B. Beath, W. C. Cook.

TRANSPORTATION.—John P. Green, John Cassels, J. R. Wood, C. S. Sims.

DECORATIONS.—Edward E. Potter, John J. Read, Richard S. Collum, W. Wallace Goodwin, Lewis R. Hamersly.

ENTERTAINMENT.—Frank D. Howell, Persifor Frazer, Richard H. Morris.

HOTEL ARRANGEMENTS.—Henry C. Potter, Sylvester Bonnaffon, Jr., John O. Foering, George H. North, H. W. Littlefield.

PROGRAMME AND CEREMONIES.—John P. Nicholson, R. Dale Benson, William H. Lambert, H. Earnest Goodman.

INVITATIONS.—J. William Hofmann, Charles M. Betts, Fred. Schober.

FINANCE.—R. E. Patterson, E. A. Hancock, Samuel Goodman, Charles C. Knight, S. E. Meigs.

II. The committee will meet at the United Service Club, 1433 Chestnut Street, Monday, November 18, at 8 P. M., for organization.

By command of

Brevet Major-General D. McM. GREGG, U. S. V.,
Commander.

JOHN P. NICHOLSON,
Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, U. S. V.,
Recorder.

A MEMORABLE RÉCEPTION.

THE reception given in the Academy of Fine Arts was a memorable occasion. There have been many such held in Philadelphia since the Centennial year, but this was the handsomest reception and most beautiful entertainment on so large a scale held in this city in many years. It is doubtful if it has ever been surpassed in some respects. In the many handsome and soldierly men, the monuments of brave manhood left of the successful legions of a great war, and the beauty of the women from many of the largest and most prosperous States of the Union, there has never been a gathering like it. The decorations were dignified and stately as well as patriotic, and with the walls covered with the representative art of the world, great bronze and noble statuary occupying the centre of large spaces, and the music of the grand Marine Band lending inspiration, it was an evening the impressions of which will not soon be forgotten by those who participated. Much of what is best and most enduring in the nation was there represented, and altogether the occasion was on a much higher plane than those on which some purely selfish end is served. There were in all between four and five thousand persons present, making one of the most distinguished gatherings of people of importance from different parts of the country that ever met in Philadelphia.

The decorations were mainly United States flags, bright and new, arranged in shields and escutcheons and as banners in the various rooms and along the imposing stairway or wherever they could be most effectively introduced. The flowers, mainly pink hydrangeas and white daisies and other spring blossoms, were unusually fresh and pretty.

**MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.
HEADQUARTERS COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.**

COMMITTEE ON CELEBRATION OF THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY.

PHILADELPHIA, April 8, 1890.

I. The ticket-agents on the trunk line territory have received instructions to issue the one fare tickets to Companions upon showing the Rosette of the Order.

Members of their family are entitled to tickets at same rate.

II. The Union League House will be open for the Companions from Monday evening, April 14, to Thursday evening, April 16.

The Marine Band will be present from 1 to 3 P.M., Tuesday and Wednesday.

III. The Art Club, Broad Street, will be open to Companions and ladies upon presentation of visiting-card at the entrance.

IV. The United Service Club, 1433 Chestnut Street, will be open to the Companions during their sojourn in the city.

V. The Manufacturers' Club, 1409 Walnut Street, will be open for the reception of the Companions from Tuesday A.M. to Thursday.

VI. The courtesy of the Masonic Temple has been extended, and the rooms will be open from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. during the week.

For the General Committee,

JOHN P. NICHOLSON,

Secretary.

Programme of the celebration of the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion.

MONDAY, APRIL 14, 1890.

- 8 P. M. onward.** Companions and Commanderies from abroad will arrive at Broad Street P. R. R. and Chestnut Street B. & O. R. R. Stations.

TUESDAY, APRIL 15.

- 10.30 A. M.** Meeting of Commandery-in-Chief at Historical Society, Thirteenth and Locust.
11 A. M. to 3 P. M. Luncheon. Union League.
1 to 3 P. M. Concert, United States Marine Band. Union League.
7 P. M. Ceremonies at Academy of Music.
10 P. M. Union League in a body will escort Loyal Legion from Academy of Music to Union League House, and tender a serenade.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16.

- 11 A. M. to 12 M.** Reception of the Loyal Legion by the Mayor of the city of Philadelphia.
Companions assemble at Union League at 10.45, and proceed in a body to Mayor's Room in City Hall.
11 A. M. to 3 P. M. Luncheon. Union League.
1 to 3 P. M. Concert, United States Marine Band. Union League.
2 to 3 P. M. Reception of Loyal Legion by the Hon. James A. Beaver, Governor of Pennsylvania. Union League.
8 to 11 P. M. Reception of the visitors by the Pennsylvania Commandery at the Academy of the Fine Arts.

The Union League, Broad and Sansom Streets.
The Manufacturers' Club, Walnut west of Broad Street.
The Art Club, Broad below Walnut Street.
The United Service Club, 1433 Chestnut Street.
George G. Meade Post, No. 1, G. A. R., 1109 Chestnut Street.
Masonic Temple, Broad and Filbert Streets.
United States Mint, 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., Chestnut near Broad Street.

Open to Companions of the Loyal Legion, wearing the Insignia or Rosette of the Order, during their stay in Philadelphia.

R E S O L U T I O N S

UNANIMOUSLY ADOPTED AT

**A STATED MEETING OF THE COMMANDERY OF THE STATE
OF PENNSYLVANIA, MAY 7, 1890.**

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania doth resolve:—

That the grateful thanks of the Commandery, speaking not only for itself but for the Order at large, are due and they are hereby tendered to the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia for the courtesy shown by it to the Companions of the Order recently assembled in this city from all parts of the country, thereby contributing largely to the success of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Order on April 15, 1865, and to the reputation of Philadelphia for unstinted hospitality.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania doth resolve:—

That the grateful thanks of the Commandery, speaking not only for itself but for the Order at large, are due and they are hereby tendered to the Art Club of Philadelphia for the courtesy shown by it to the Companions of the Order recently assembled in this city from all parts of the country, thereby contributing largely to the success of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Order on April 15, 1865, and to the reputation of Philadelphia for unstinted hospitality.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania, desiring to express its appreciation of the hospitality shown by the Union League of Philadelphia to the Companions of the Order assembled from all parts of the country upon the occasion of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Order on April 15, 1865, doth resolve:—

That as the Union League of Philadelphia, ever consistent in the line of patriotic endeavor, gave its encouragement and active assistance during the War of the Rebellion to those who came forward in defence

of the government; as it aided so materially in carrying that conflict to a successful conclusion, whereby liberty was assured throughout the land, union restored among all the States, and happiness and prosperity extended to the utmost limits of our country to a degree unparalleled in history; so its recent aid and encouragement have gone far toward making the celebration of the Order a magnificent success, showing that the services of its Companions during the war have not been forgotten, and that the spirit which brought about the organization of the Union League of Philadelphia is still a living force. And it doth further resolve, that the grateful thanks of this Commandery, speaking not only for itself but for the Order at large, are due and they are hereby tendered to the Union League of Philadelphia for its courtesy during the late celebration, which aided to perpetuate and augment the sentiment that the City of Brotherly Love is the home of American hospitality.

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE

COMMANDERIES

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.
HEADQUARTERS COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN, May 1, 1890.

WHEREAS, The Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania took the initiative and assumed the responsibility of organizing at Philadelphia the recent celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion; and

WHEREAS, The conspicuous success of the celebration and the thorough satisfaction therewith on the part of the visiting Commanderies are worthy of the fullest recognition; therefore,

Resolved, That the congratulations of this Commandery are hereby tendered to the Pennsylvania Commandery for the notable skill, forethought, and energy displayed in conducting the celebration, which was in the highest degree creditable to all concerned; and further,

Resolved, That the earnest thanks of this Commandery are due to our brethren of Pennsylvania for the thoroughness of preparation, the unbounded hospitality, and the unremitting attention to every detail of welcome and entertainment which marked the occasion and made it one of unfailing interest and enjoyment.

Official.

GEO. W. CHANDLER,
Recorder.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.
HEADQUARTERS COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF WISCONSIN,
ARMORY BUILDING.

MILWAUKEE, 1890.

At a stated meeting of the Commandery of the State of Wisconsin, Military Order of the Loyal Legion, held at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, May 7, 1890:

Resolved, That the thanks and appreciation of this Commandery are most earnestly extended to the Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania for organizing and so completely carrying out the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Order at Philadelphia, on the days of April 15 and 16, 1890, and further for their hospitable and most generous entertainment extended to all Companions of Wisconsin who were able to attend, in the feeling of that true com-

panionship which, springing from the spirit of the first Companions organized together in the Commandery of Pennsylvania, has spread to all Companions of the Order wherever found.

Resolved, That the Commandery of Wisconsin, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, through the Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania, do make their hearty acknowledgments to the Union League Club, to the United Service Club, to the other clubs and societies, and to the generous, loyal, and true citizens of Philadelphia for their many acts of hospitality and for the universal welcome which so greatly added to our enjoyment as Companions of the Loyal Legion while in attendance on the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Order, April 15 and 16, 1890.

C. D. CLEVELAND,
Commander.

A. ROSS HOUSTON,
Recorder.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.
COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON, May 15, 1890.

Resolutions adopted at a meeting of the Commandery of the State of Massachusetts, held May 7, 1890.

"The Commandery of the State of Massachusetts returns appreciative thanks to the Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania for all the courtesies extended at the celebration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the founding of the Order.

"The thought of the celebration, so happily conceived and so earnestly executed, was another evidence of the devotion of Pennsylvania to the Order.

"For all the proud memories so vividly revived, for all the high resolves, the stimulated patriotism and increased loyalty, for all the thoughtful attentions and the lavish hospitality which will ever make the celebration a happy remembrance, this Commandery is profoundly grateful."

Official.

ARNOLD A. RAND,
Recorder.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.
COMMANDERY OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Resolutions unanimously adopted at a stated meeting of the Commandery May 7, 1890.

Resolved, That the Commandery of the District of Columbia of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States hereby expresses its warmest thanks to the citizens of Philadelphia, to the Chief Magistrate of that city, and to the Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania for the most cordial greeting extended to the Companions of this Commandery upon the occasion of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the institution of the Order in said city in the month of April last.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Commandery be, and they are hereby, likewise expressed to the "Union League," the "Art," the "Manufacturers'," and the "United Service" clubs of said city for the generous hospitality and valued privileges extended to the Companions of this Commandery upon said occasion, which hospitality and privileges were as greatly enjoyed and appreciated as they were cheerfully proffered.

Resolved, That the Recorder transmit a duly attested copy of the foregoing resolutions to the Mayor of the city of Philadelphia, to the Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania, and to each of the above-named clubs.

Official.

WM. P. HUXFORD,
Recorder.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.
COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO, May 15, 1890.

Extract from the minutes:—

The Commandery of the State of Illinois desires to make known to the Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania, the Union League, the United Service Club, the Manufacturers' Club, and the Art Club of the city of Philadelphia, and to all assisting citizens and organizations

its heartfelt thanks for the many hospitalities extended to its Companions present at Philadelphia during the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Order.

Upon that occasion of deep interest to the Order at large the visiting Companions representing this Commandery enjoyed for several days the honors and pleasures of receptions, public and private, in that beautiful and distinctively American city—a city in which were laid the broad and lasting foundations of the National Constitution—a place of pilgrimage where its people yet guard with filial care the inspiring memorials of historic patriotism.

It is directed that the Recorder make the usual and appropriate transmittals of the evidence of the above minute.

Official.

CHARLES W. DAVIS,
Recorder.

**MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.
COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI.**

ST. LOUIS, May 7, 1890.

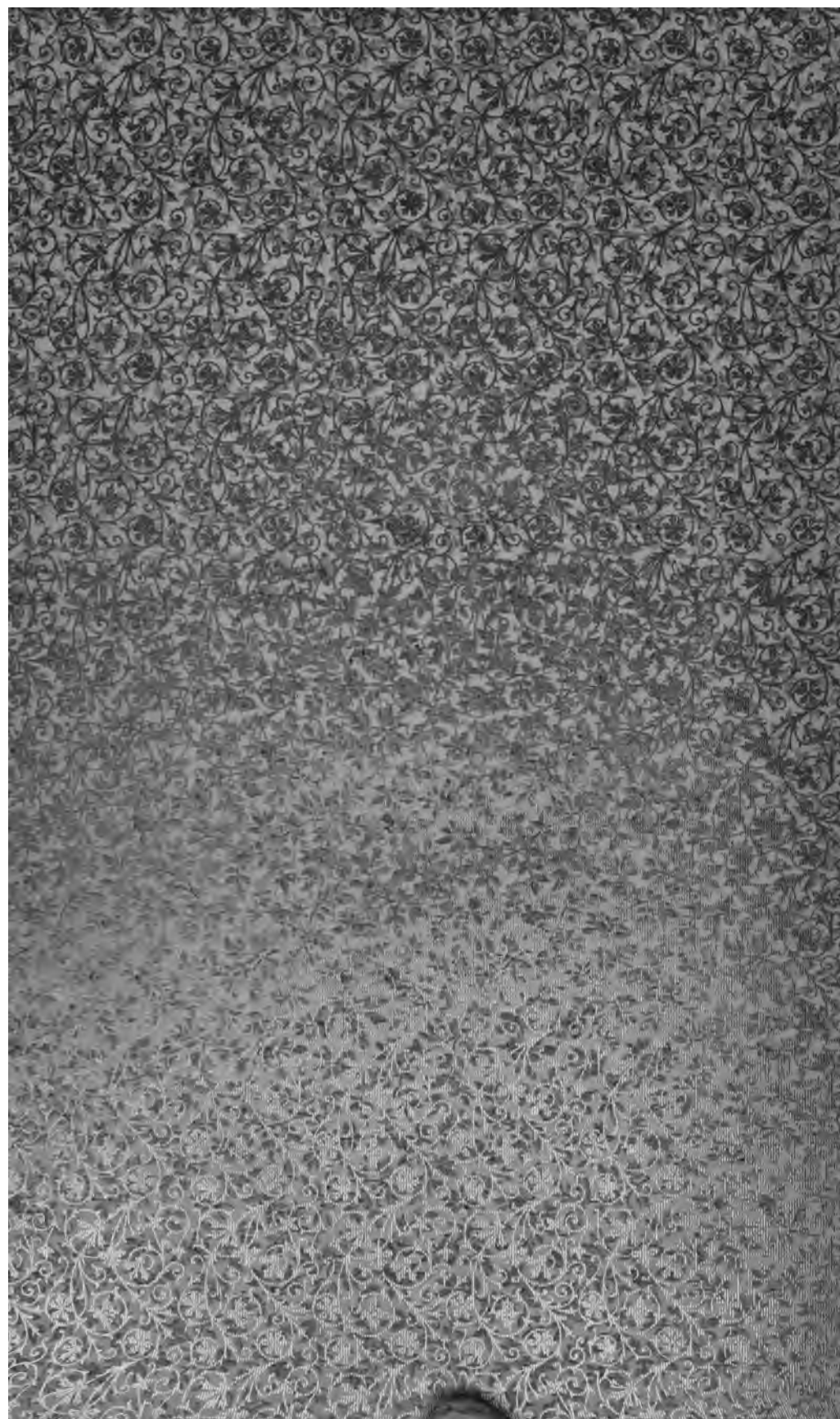
The Commandery of the State of Missouri Military Order of the Loyal Legion sends affectionate greetings to the Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania, and begs to express its grateful appreciation of the courtesies extended to its members on the occasion of the recent celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Order; also to congratulate the Pennsylvania Commandery upon the success which distinguished this glorious reunion.

The great army is marching to its final camping-ground, but may the history of its comradeship be to the future an inspiration, even as its achievements are a glory to our beloved country.

Official.

CHARLES CHRISTENSEN,
Commander.

W. R. HODGES,
Recorder.



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Ceremonies at the twenty-fifth anni

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